

COL. TOM MARSHALL

The Genial Proprietor of the Celebrated Loeskan.

A COLUMBUS RETROSPECTION.

The Sailor Giant a Man of Paris and Some Experience—Our Acquaintance With Him—The Romance of His Beautiful Wife and Her Career—Makes \$100,000 in Ten Years in the Nations Capital.

Col. Thomas Marshall, proprietor of the Loeskan, on F street, opposite the Ebbitt, is an Ohio man who has done remarkably well in the nation's capital. "Colonel Tom," as his Columbus (O.) friends always addressed him, lived in the Buckeye capital quite a lengthy period of his eventful life. He conducted the Hart Schreder restaurant, in front of which our battle was fought, Feb. 23, 1891, with Osborne and his fellow conspirators.

Colonel Tom, however, did not then own the restaurant, but a man named Hart Schreder, to whom the colonel had sold out some time previously. If Colonel Marshall had been present there might have been a few more bullets to account for by the State, for the colonel is a game man and knew the writer as a friend. And when Colonel Marshall recognizes a man as his friend he will go a long way to serve him. The writer recalls one evening in his restaurant when a couple of cur-stone gamblers followed us in to pick a quarrel, although at the time we were entirely ignorant of the cause and of their intentions. It appears that the notorious Allen O. Myers had secured their services as bad men to do us up by fastening an argument on us and shooting or cutting at the first expression of our indignation. We met the colonel when we entered the saloon-restaurant, and he, noticing who was following us, and not liking their actions or looks, engaged us in conversation in which the gamblers, without invitation, presumed or attempted to join, flatly contradicting some observation we made. The colonel touched us on the shoulder and we wheeled round on the gambler who had made the offensive remark and exclaimed:

"This is my affair; you are my friend; this is my house." Then, turning on the two bad men, he pointed to the door and said "Ten seconds to reach the street!" That was all he said, but his tall and athletic form began to swell and his large and fearless eyes began to blaze, and the two gamblers, noticing the fact, reached the door in seven seconds, three seconds ahead of time. When we left the restaurant in a few minutes, we were "fixed" through the kindness of "Colonel Tom" for the two bad men, and they, suspecting the fact from our eye and the coolness with which they were sized up, left us pass unchallenged, although we almost ground the toe of their boots under our heel, for which we were neither asked nor offered to apologize. The colonel stood in the doorway of the restaurant until we had passed out of sight, and the chief of police, John Murphy, hearing of the matter, ran to the curbstone bravos out of town next day.

Colonel Marshall was a sailor in his youth, and in that capacity saw his share of the world's sights. He is a stalwart type of American, being considerably over six feet in height, broad of shoulder, and of majestic build. During his career in Columbus, as in Washington, he has never been known to have the slightest trouble with guest or stranger. He is the most genial and inoffensive of men, and being a good judge of human nature, he is able to handle, in a masterful way, those who might be inclined to be quarrelsome. His place of business in Columbus, as in Washington, commanded the best patronage, and while probably he did not make as much money in the Buckeye capital as he is making in the capital of the nation, he spent many pleasant days there until the evening in his life occurred which we are about to narrate.

The colonel married, we believe, a second time, although on that we are not clear, a beautiful woman, in fact, one of the handsomest women in the capital city of Ohio. Although we believe she was not a native of Columbus. The colonel was immensely proud of her, and when she began to develop dramatic talent he simply thought or spoke of nothing else. He treated her like a princess, in his simple, sailor-like adoration of a superior being, which she was not—and her slightest wish was law to Colonel Tom. People talked and gossiped about her, but none of this came to the colonel's ear, nor would it be at all safe for any person to even hint to the colonel that she was anything but the most beautiful and the most heartless woman in the world. The writer and others who knew and made allowances for this amiable weakness of Colonel Tom, humored him, and we even went so far as to attend, criticize and eulogize, in our paper, an exhibition of her dramatic talent. Any adverse criticism would be a shock to Colonel Tom, and nobody who knew his simple trust and faith in his beautiful blonde could have the heart to wound him. So things went along, he lavishing money to prepare her for a dramatic career and she squandering it with the heartlessness of a woman who failed to appreciate the noble nature of the man believing in her pretended talents.

She finally induced him to send her to New York City to complete her dramatic education, as she was now too advanced for her Columbus instructors and teachers. He rented and furnished a handsome flat for her in New York, and came home to Columbus with glowing accounts of what the New York professors said of her talents.

For months this went on, the drafts on Colonel Tom's exchequer increasing continuously, and the unsuspecting and big-hearted sailor never flinched, but honored them to the last penny.

The colonel was finally and rudely awakened, however, to the imposition, and then his generous spirit was deeply wounded. He for a brief period lost faith in everybody and everything. But a man of Colonel Marshall's temperament and nature seldom broods to the extent of wrecking his own or the lives of others to whom he is morally bound, and his manhood soon reasserted itself, with the result that in ten or twelve years he has been in Washington, he has accumulated a fortune of more than \$100,000, and is happily married and enjoying that domestic bliss for which his whole nature yearned and was essentially fitted. Every Columbus citizen visiting the national capital makes either a call on Colonel Tom or establishes headquarters at the Loeskan. They come and all receive a royal welcome from

the still handsome and erect figure which was known to every man, woman and child in the Buckeye capital.

The writer's light purse was no disqualification to renew the acquaintance of former years on his arrival in Washington with the hospitable host of the Loeskan; and, if circumstances have kept us from being a visitor it is not because of any want of cordiality and an open, hearty invitation on the part of Colonel Tom, whose shadow may never grow less and whose type of manhood humanity would be the gainer by a large and never-ending increase.

THE MACLAY CRITICISMS

In the Society Mirror and the Inconsistencies Pointed Out.

To EDITOR GLOBE:

George Ade, in his first volume of "Fables in Slang," mentions the country editor who wrote his dramatic column from a program brought from the theatre. It would seem from a certain criticism in the third volume of MacLay's history of the navy that the talented writer who signs himself the "Reviewer," has followed his tactics. Under date of July 20, he commented upon the above book, and in part his remarks read as follows:

"It is occupied chiefly with the history of the Spanish American war from a navy point of view, of course, and than this there has been no more just, unbiased and always interesting account. Above all else the author has worked for authenticity. 'One feels that if the truth is not here it is not to be gotten. * * * There is a certain amount of harmless, so-called 'blow' in the book. With the possible exception of Schley and to a lesser degree General Shafter, there is no one in the Navy (or Army) who does not share the author's widespread laud. This is so small a weakness in a book otherwise so sound as to be almost unworthy of notice.'

The italics are my own; the extracts are copied from the *Mirror* of the before mentioned date as it lays before me.

Perhaps there have been some people who have allowed "The Reviewer" to influence them in the choice of literature. I am sure the above is a proof that they have been leaning upon a broken reed. The article plainly shows that the writer had never seen the book; that he got his opinions second hand, and that he had not the slightest idea of the author's book. He speaks. Either that or he has not even the modicum of brain shown by the other contributors of current events, whose articles appear in the *Mirror*. If that was his candid opinion, how are we to reconcile it with the views of his fellow contributor, that scandalous and scurrilous person, who signs himself "The Gossip," and who meekly shows his ignorance of the subject of which he writes in his spiteful personal attacks, the also attempted wit, and "fixed" through the kindness of "Colonel Tom" for the two bad men, and they, suspecting the fact from our eye and the coolness with which they were sized up, left us pass unchallenged, although we almost ground the toe of their boots under our heel, for which we were neither asked nor offered to apologize. The colonel stood in the doorway of the restaurant until we had passed out of sight, and the chief of police, John Murphy, hearing of the matter, ran to the curbstone bravos out of town next day.

"The Gossip" however, is on the right side of the fence this time; a little too much so if anything, and that is where another member of the *Mirror* staff lays himself open to criticism (or perhaps the former and the latter are identical. It would be quite probable). How can the editor of any paper so far forget himself as to allow a paragraph to appear in one issue of his paper and in all the following issues to print the emphatically disagreeing with it? "The Gossip" under date of July 29th, discourses in the following manner:

"Nothing is known of the author of the book except that he is a day laborer in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and this is the kind of man whose book Admiral Crowninshield accepts to become the standard of naval history at the academy. MacLay is known to be an irresponsible individual who has never been possessed of any particular standing in any community, and his character has been the subject of more or less discussion. * * * MacLay is rewarded for his assaults on Rear Admiral Schley by being given a small position in the Brooklyn Navy Yard."

Now of course "The Gossip" is warranted in becoming heated and losing the grasp which he holds on his wonderful mentality, but he should learn to be accurate in his statements—and the lack of foundation for many of his stories is one of his crowning glories. In the first place MacLay is not a day laborer. He is rated as a "special laborer," and performs clerical duties in the Department of Supplies and Accounts at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The term "special laborer" is a rating in use at the Navy Department for those members of the civil service not specifically appropriated for by Congress, and receiving a per diem compensation. In the second place he secured his position by a legal, civil service transfer from the position of chief clerk at the Naval Gunpowder Magazine, N. Y., and was transferred to his position in the early part of 1900, before his third volume was scarcely begun.

Now I am not upholding MacLay. He has made some very libelous and disgraceful statements regarding the character of one of our best naval officers. I have no doubt that all these charges are false, and will be adjudged so by the court of inquiry. I cannot see how they can fail to be. However let us have the truth about him even if he has not told it of others. He is a quiet, studious, man of sober and industrious habits, and has no reproach against his name. Because a man asperses another's character is no reason why we should adopt his course, which we condemn.

"The Gossip" is in the habit of grossly mistating everything when he starts to "roast." Whenever he attempts to do something of this kind he "flays off his hammer," and reminds one of a hysterical, shrieking specimen of femininity.

As for "The Reviewer" I think his delicate brain should rest for a while or it will break down. It is evidently too weak to read the books he purports to criticize.

A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

An Englishman had hired a smart traveling servant, and on arriving at an inn one evening, knowing well the stringency of police regulations in Austria, where he then was, he called for the usual register of travelers, that he might duly inscribe himself therein.

His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered under the name of an English gentleman, of independent property. "But how have you put down my name?" I have not told it to you," "I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from the porter's name." "But it is not there. Bring me the book." "That was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself: "Monsieur Warranted-solid-leather."

Why don't you try a package of Carolina Bibles?

NERVY MISS MULLINS

A Woman Traveler Relates Some of Her Experiences.

THE FIERCE ARAB ATTACK.

Life in the Desert and the Fearful Peril of the Writer—Rough Treatment by McZalates—Woman's Hand in Sunken Algeria—An interesting narrative by an observant Woman Traveler who reaches civilization in safety.

Mrs. Mullins has canvassed over the shifting Sahara and studied the manners and customs of the desert women. From a narrative of her journey that she has written the following interesting paragraphs are taken:

Naturally I was more interested in the condition of the woman among the various tribes we encountered than in any other feature of the journey. What do you "advanced women" think of a country where the women order and command, preside at councils, conclude peace, decide war, travel alone, inherit a husband's effects, titles and prerogatives, to the exclusion of their husbands and male relatives; where the mothers and daughters study the literature of the land, while the husbands and sons are left in ignorance; a country where the men do the washing, sewing, cooking and ordinary household drudgery, even to mending the children's shoes. And, wonder of wonders, a country where man must hide his face, while woman goes unveiled!

This "woman's land" is in the country of the Touareg, in Southern Algeria. It is pleasant and peaceful enough when the sun is shining, but it is a journey to get there. It must be done by caravan, and the intervening way is filled with trackless wastes, days of blistering heat, with now and then prowling "resouts" (robber bands) to make life uncertain but interesting.

Of course, we never could have accomplished the trip had we not joined a party of merchants with a strong escort. I was the only woman in the party, but the friendly Arabs were uniformly courteous to me. Our experience with the Assasins, from among the tribes founded by that infamous Hassan ben Sablah, the one-time friend of the immortal Omar Khayyam, was the only one that almost proved fatal. One night we had pitched tent in the shade of an oasis, and were preparing our evening meal. Suddenly, from among the bushes, came the shrill whistle of bullets. A palm leaf fell on my head. The Assasins were giving us notice of their approach. We prepared a defense by putting the camels, with their knee thers on them, between the palm trees. The women were a soft target, and a camel laid its long neck along the ground and closed its eyes. We knew enough of the "resouts" methods to feel sure they would not rush us until they were sure of their prey. A bullet passed through a pan of barley water, making a tremendous noise, and then the first shout came from the rocks above.

I lay there behind a camel, more fascinated than fearful. The firing had begun at a distance of some hundred yards, which put it out of the question for us, with our lighter weapons, to make any reply. The Assasins, on the other hand, continued to keep that range we would have been hopelessly lost, but fortunately the desert Assasins have never taken kindly to the rifle, and it is his primitive instinct to close with his enemy. Slowly they drew in, and in a few minutes they were within the range of a face peering over a rock. It was the huge head of a black ruffian with silver trinkets gleaming in his ears. From behind another boulder I saw a fine-featured Arab with a black pointed beard and green turban wound around his head. They sprang over the boulder, four others following in their wake, waving their arms that gleamed with flashing ornaments. How picturesque, I thought, when something whizzed close to my head and brought home the realization that this was not opera comique, but might prove a tragedy.

Our men were firing now, and I saw the red dust go on an Arab's brown breast. A revolver shot rang out at my very elbow, and the black giant swayed, but only for a second, and then with gasping teeth he tugged at his trigger. "My God," said a man, "he is a killing fear blinding my eyes. 'Only a chip of my shoulder,' came in reassuring tones from my husband. And then I must have fainted, for when I opened my eyes again a handsome Arab was stretched a few yards from me. His eyes were closed, his hands in them, looking weirdly out under the green tarban. I shut my eyes, and when I could summon courage to look up again my husband was moistening my parched lips and cooling my fevered brow.

Four of our men had lost their lives, while three of the Assasins were killed. The rest had fled, glad to escape with their lives instead of the booty they had hoped to capture. We had several smaller skirmishes with the Assasins, but no lives were lost.

To return to the women of the Sahara. We carried our various tribes, and the farther desertward we went the more advanced the women were in their emancipation from the control of men.

The place where I was most roughly treated by the women was among the McZalates. They represent the lowest rung on the Saharan ladder of emancipated women. In fact they are practically shut-in-women. Most of them are tall, stout and rather good-looking. The well-to-do among them simply eat, sleep and vegetate. They consider themselves too dignified to sing and dance, those pleasures being reserved for their slaves. Their husbands are the speculators of the desert and never take their wives along on their trading expeditions, but leave them "shut in" in their windowless, stuffy houses. The women never dare venture forth during their husbands' absence, unless it is to visit the house of a dying relative or to go to the cemetery. On such occasions they swathe themselves in a thick woolen veil, through which it is impossible to see or be seen. A slave leads them. When the husband returns there is a great feast, but in a few days he departs on another expedition, so the lives of the women are spent in almost complete desolation.

In complete contrast with the lifeless existence of these women are the lives of the women of Touareg, the most emancipated women I have met in my travels around the world. Their moral, mental and physical freedom lies far above the women in the adjacent tribes. On first meeting them you are most struck by the fact that they are vastly superior to their desert sisters, being clean, careful, intelligent and ed-

ucated. They bathe, and if you have traveled among the orientals you know that that fact in itself is a very distinguishing mark. They are not only tidy about their persons, but their houses are kept fresh and clean—in fact, cleanliness is one of the cardinal virtues of their tribe. The women can read, a talent unheard of among the neighboring tribes. They study the Koran, the poetry, songs and legends of their people and teach their daughters. Strangely enough, it is not considered necessary to teach the sons, so they are left to grow up in ignorance.

The women of the Touareg are the most daring riders I have ever seen. They travel along on the back of the fleet racing camel, and can go great distances. To see them galloping swiftly along, their bright, animated brown faces unveiled, is in refreshing contrast to the other inanimate veiled women of the Sahara. The Touareg women are as free as the air they breathe, and as the equals but the superiors in their tribe. They declare war and conclude peace, though the husbands do the fighting itself. They preside in the councils and their wishes decide all questions. If a husband dies, the wife becomes the head of the family, and if he has been a military leader, she even inherits that title and the power that accompanies it, though in most cases she delegates the power to some well-known fighting chief.

She Complains.

EDITOR GLOBE: I can bear out the outrageous but true statements of the poor Hyattsville widow who borrowed \$400 from one of our F street "shylocks" who is compelling this poor woman to pay \$3.80 for the loan of \$40, paying \$6.15 every month. Can't the city prosecuting attorney be called on to do his duty in this case? Those men moved their sign in paper to say them 10 per cent. per annum, but they insist on getting 120 per cent. and in some cases 240 per cent., according to the straits of the unfortunate borrower.

In the Postoffice Department there is a man named Ankles, pending money to clerks at this enormous rate of interest for which he was dismissed some three years ago from his position of captain of the watch. The wife of one of his victims tells me that he is robbing her poor husband every month of a large portion of his salary, and threatens them with some of the head officials of the Department, whose agent he is supposed to be or in partnership with him in this vile traffic. This man Yankely comes into the Postoffice building every day at 11 o'clock and has the clerks called from their desks to pay him his enormous interest, which is illegal and criminal, as in the case of my friend's husband. Will you be good enough to call the attention of the Postmaster General to this case and see that the clerks are left at their desks to do their department work and not paying such debts? Can't the Postmaster General also be induced to find out the partners of this man in the Postoffice Department who are robbing him and using their positions to compel payment of these unlawful claims?

Respectfully,

Mrs. C. W.—
P. S.—I intend to call the attention of the President to this and similar cases. Why not some of our philanthropic citizens get together and form an association to take the place of these sharks at a fair rate of interest? I think it would pay them well.

Mrs. C. W.—

A PRISON FOR POVERTY.

Poor Fined and Imprisoned—Inconsistent Sentences Pointed out.

EDITOR GLOBE: How or why is it so many poor people are sent up for vagrancy? I find in today's *Times* a colored man named Joseph Williams looking for work but failed to find it, and was in a poverty stricken condition. He is sent to the workhouse for four months in default of a fine of \$40. What is the sense of fining this man \$40? Another thing, can the workhouse relieve his poverty?

Another man named George Steinel, who moved himself a vagrant, his fine is only \$20 or sixty days in the workhouse. Another man, George Washington, colored, is charged with the offense of disorderly conduct; his fine is \$10 or thirty days in the workhouse. Where in the name of heaven is the consistency in these sentences? Why it is hardly safe for a respectable citizen to sit down in one of the parks. It is only a question of time that it will be unsafe for a man to walk the street with old clothes on him. Is it a crime to be poor? The American talk about a land of liberty and freedom; I fail to see it. You can not step on the grass, you cannot close your eyes in the public parks, and you can not photograph anything.

The offense of vagrancy I have noticed for a long time, and it is a great injustice to the poorer classes where no crime is committed, but there is some definite object at the back of the whole business. I would like to know who it is that is making money on the weekly board of those poor vagrants in the workhouse or jail, or who is making money on their daily labor. Investigate these matters and there may not be so many arrests.

I make this broad statement—I say there are hundreds of innocent persons confined in jails and workhouses throughout this country, and what we want is a National Prison Reform Association to investigate and protect every innocent person who is locked up.

The constitution of the country should protect them. Because they are poor you lock them up.

Yours respectfully,

A READER.

French Army in Tonquin.

Many desertions continue to take place from the French army in Tonquin. All the deserters who are captured are shot without compunction. Lately eighteen soldiers of the Foreign Legion ran away from Southay with a lot of arms and accoutrements. They were caught in the mountain defiles after a chase which lasted a considerable time, and the eighteen were condemned to be shot at once. It is said that when the men were drawn up in single file in front of their graves the adjutant who was in charge of the firing party cried out with an oath, on seeing some of the doomed men fall slightly out of their alignment. "Can't you fellows keep your dressing better than that? Eyes right! Dress!" No sooner was the command given than the prisoners, with parade-like punctuality, straightened themselves up and obeyed as if they were on the drill ground or at a review. Then the fatal command was given, and the eighteen went down before the terrible volley. The adjutant's words—if they were ever uttered, and it is probable that they were—show that an iron discipline still prevails in the French Foreign Legion.

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